

England's Triumph:

POEM

ON THE ROYAL CAMP

At Hounslow Heath.

Here, here the Blessed *Albion's* Glory see;
Here, here the Blessed *Albion's* Worthies be;
Here may you see God *Mars's* Seat of Pride,
And the Unconquer'd *JAMES* in Triumph Ride;
Who all Great *European* Monarchs his Out-vy'd;

Jove seemeth pleas'd to be; yet seems to Wonder
He should so briskly immitate his Thunder!
But hold! See how our Monarch gains Renown,
When with His Martial Pomp Encircled Round;
But if They cover all the Spacious Plain,
And add ten thousands more to fill the Train,
Yet Mighty *JAMES*, not half Your Army's here,
Heavens Guard'an *Angel* i'th' *Lift* appear;
They lead the *Van*, and *Tours* bring up the *Rear*.
'Tis true, Mortals we know Yours are; but when
We them behold, we scarce can think 'em Men.
In them Immortal sparks of *Heav'nly Fire*
Do glow! And their Heroick Souls aspire
At Nobler *Acts* than e're their *Sires* Achiev'd:
Their *Courage* is far Greater than believ'd.

Tho now for *State* they are Encamp'd in Peace,
They breath all Fire and Conquest; ne're to cease.
Now wou'd the mutual Shouts of Joy Accord,
To see Great *JAMES* unsheath His Conqu'ring Sword,
To Quell some Mighty *Foe*, that all might see
The *World's* Great *Worthies* Crown'd with Victory;
While each that in the meanest Rank does stand,
Is able in a moment to Command.

The *Earth* whereon they stand seems proud to grow;
The *Trees* at ev'ry Word do Cringe and Bow;
The *Hills* and *Valleys* all rejoyce and Sing,
And seem to Echo forth, Long Live the *KING*;

Thames views the Field, and passing by, doth say,
I'll surely Wait upon You twice aday.
Neptune Himself and *Thetis* are afraid
Great *JAMES* should his Unconquer'd World invade.

Droop, Grinning Envy, droop, no more disgrace
The Royal Line, nor fly from *JAMES*'s Face;
Confound'd be, and Honour pierce
In fasting Agitation take no Rest;
Nor let thy *Basilisk* Eyes the Sunne see,
Till thou'ast disbanded all Disloyalty.
Nay Weep more Tears than Drops of Water be
Within the Briny Sea, to think that he
Whom thou hast Curs'd, and Crost, and so much wrong'd,
Now Stars above thy Reach, and Great Desires
What ever thou canst basely Enterprize.

O never, never more thy Prince provoke,
But Grace from all the Pow'rs of Heav'n Invoke.
See *Jucifer* with' deep Abyss of Hell:
Be Warr'd by him, thou'lt never more Rebel.

England's Great King on Earth so Reigns in Peace,
As shews us all our future Happiness.

But former *Hero's* I perhaps offend,

In striving thus our *Cesar* to Commend:

For here's requir'd a *Strenuous Hero's* Quill,
A *Spencer's* Pen, and brave *Apelles* Skill;

But should all these attempt, and thousands more,

Their Verse would look but like to Gold in Ore:

For as the Sun above the Stars do shine,

Drawing its Luster from the Pow'r *Divine*;

Ev'n so does He above all Mortals Sway,

Heav'n with a Greater never Crown'd the Day.

Stay, stay, and to the *CIA M* Part return again,

Once more to View that Great and Glor'ous Train,

Where Thousands more do daily hither come,

To see the Terror of all *Christendom*.

But now, just now, came flying to my Ear,

Orders were come, that all must disappear;

The Horse, I see, are all Decamp'd and gone,

The Town cries out, O Lord, We're all Undone!

Come, come, let each his Hand lay on his Sword,

Ready to Draw, when *JAMES* shall give the Word.

Then, then despond not, but All Faithful be

To Gracious Faith-defending Majesty:

By Victory gain Honour to our King,

While Echo's to His Mighty Triumphs Ring.

F I N I S

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